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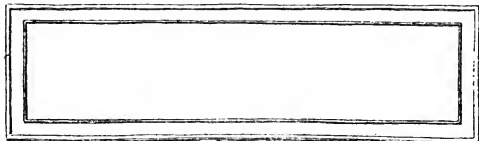
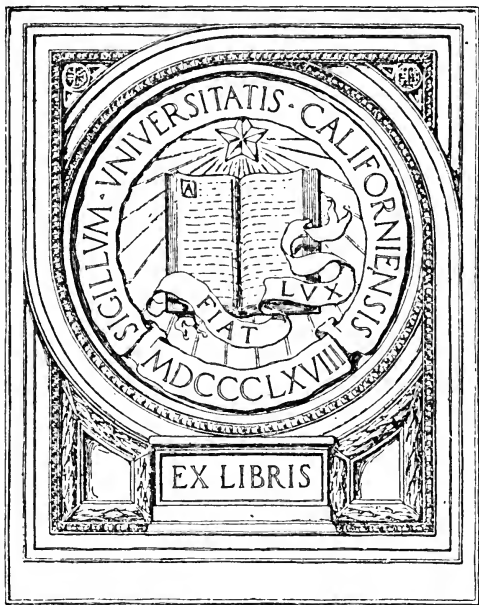
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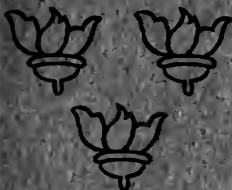


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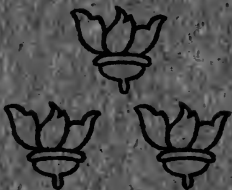




YOURS

BY

ALICE G. HOWARD.



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YOURS

BY

ALICE G. HOWARD

ALICE G. HOWARD.

"Such as I have, give I unto thee."

BERKELEY
PRESS OF H. S. HOWARD

1900

TO THE
AMERICAN

Copyright 1900
BY ALICE G. HOWARD

Heard to Fair

LOVINGLY DEDICATED TO
YOU

473708





BLOOMING IN THE SHADE.

I thank you for the thought you brought to me,
'Twas like a gentle zephyr from the sea,
The breeze that softly fans the weary brow;
I seem to feel its dainty fingers now.
'Twas like the dew-drop in a lily-cup,
I took the thought and sipped its comfort up.
With modest look, and half averted head,
"They bloom the thickest in the shade," you said.

You brought the message on a Sabbath day,
A precious bud, while passing on your way.
You found me, also, "bloom in the shade,"
Within the shadow His dear hand had made.
'Tis not enough to bloom in sunshine's glow,
Nor in the gloom of darkness thrive and grow,
God's plans are all in loving wisdom made,
E'en though we "bloom the thickest in the shade."

Where'er our lot in life the Lord doth cast,
He there abides with us unto the last.
His sunlight ever gleams within the heart,
Causing the tender shoots to burst and start.
And so, my friend, I gladly make my choice
To grow where I can plainest hear His voice,
If it may be through paths of anguish laid,
Then I will "bloom the thickest in the shade."

THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE.

A Crystal sea, embanked by mountains blue,
Ships slowly drifting into phantom caves;
A burning orb of glowing crimson hue,
Dropping from sight beneath the foaming waves;
A dusky curtain drawn by unseen hand,
Bright stars appearing with their laughing light;
A dreamy whisper floating o'er the land,
And unto man is born a restful night.

A rippling stream of living waters deep,
A tiny craft propelled by spirit breath;
Tired eyelids closing in a peaceful sleep,
Upon the bosom of the angel Death;
A gauzy curtain quickly drawn aside,
The flashing glory of an endless ray;
A vision of the pleasures that abide,
And unto man is born a perfect day.

Be brave and strong! This life is but the night,
Our joys but stars to light us on our way;
Resplendent brightness lurks just out of sight,
Where ransomed souls abide in white array.
Death is but day; 't is day to be with God;
'T is day to see His face and hear His voice.
The body bides its time beneath the sod;
Day calls it forth with spirits to rejoice.



WHERE DO THE DAYS GO?

When your dear little boy is tired of play,
And his eyes beginning to wink,
Then where goes the day he thought came to stay?
Tell me Grandma, what do you think?

A land where the streets are of gold, my dear,
Is built in the beautiful sky,
Where there 's nothing to fear, not even a tear,
And there we shall go by-and-bye.

When my dear little boy is tired of play,
And his eyes in slumber are tight,
The day creeps away, he thought came to stay,
And goes to that City of Light.

Then when we get there, my own little boy,
Where sun is not shadowed by rain,
With naught to annoy the heart filled with joy,
We 'll meet the sweet days once again.





EVER A SONG SOMEWHERE.

There 's ever a song in the darkest of clouds,
Ever a rainbow the mountain to span ;
Our merciful Lord, in the tenderest love,
Bringeth the chastisement needed by man.

There 's ever a song in the stroke of the lash,
Sharp though it fall on the quivering frame ;
Down through the furrows flow streamlets of peace,
The sweet with the bitter proclaiming God's name.

There 's ever a song in the heart of each pang,
Waiting to burst through the covering shell,
Striving to soar, like the birds all a-wing,
Eager its message of glory to tell.

There 's ever a song — then find it who will —
There 's ever a song, on earth as above.
The trials of life, with their sharpness and pain,
Are chords of the heavenly anthem of love.



BUTTERCUPS.

‘Do you love butter?’ smilingly he said,
Holding a buttercup above her head,
While a small hand, laid lightly ’neath her chin,
Uplifted a face to the rose akin.
Under her chin, so dainty, fair and white,
He reflected the flower’s yellow light.

“Do you love butter? Ah, indeed you do!
What the buttercup says is always true.”
Hand in hand, through the fields and meadows gay,
They wandered joyously from day to day;
Glad that the summer sun was made to shine,
Glad that their youthful lives could intertwine.

* * * * *

“Do you love butter?” smilingly he said;
Lower and lower drooped her sunny head;
“The world still holds one buttercup, I see,
Look up, my darling, say that you love me.”
A strong, bronzed hand he laid beneath her chin,
And gently kissed the lips he longed to win.

Again he held a flower o’er her head;
“Do you love me?” The words he softly said.
She looked into his eyes of chestnut brown,
And sweetly smiled, although she meant to frown.
“What this buttercup says is always true:
Yes, more than all, my darling, I love you.”

THY CHILD.

Thou hadst not where to lay Thy head, dear Lord,
But I can pillow mine upon Thy breast.
Though winds may blow, and storms beat fiercely down,
Enfolded thus, I can securely rest.
A princely mansion, nor a lofty throne,
Could not entice me from this blest retreat;
I'd rather be Thy servant, gentle Lord,
And wipe the dust from Thy beloved feet.

My lowly room expands to palace halls,
My simple garb to robes of spotless white,
When I recall that I am Thy dear child,
A being ever precious in Thy sight.
It is so sweet to feel that Thou art here,
And that Thy hand is laid upon my head!
Abide with me, the night-time draweth near;
I would with manna from Thy lips be fed.

O Lord Almighty, powerful and strong,
Great in Thy gentleness, as well as might,
Keep me, in spirit, just a trusting child;
Hold fast my clinging hands through dark and light!
Master, I fear to tread the path alone,
But by Thy side my heart grows brave with love.
Closer I creep into Thy tender arms:
Bear me within the gates of peace above.



SORROW.

The sorrow that nobody mentions,
The sorrow no one may share,
Is the sorrow the dear Lord giveth
His sweetest, tenderest care.

He places His hand on the well-spring,
The quivering lips refrain,
And the eyes smile forth in defiance,
His love enfolding the pain.

He knows where the hurt is the deepest,
The tears of night and of day,
And whispering softly, "I love you,"
Brushes the dewdrops away.

The sorrow that nobody mentions,
The sorrow no one may share,
Is the sorrow the dear Lord giveth
His sweetest, tenderest care.



SING IN THE RAIN.

Let us sing in the rain,
Though the gladsome refrain
Cause the teardrops to part,
On its way from the heart.
Singing so cheerily !
Singing so merrily !
Sing in the rain !

Let us sing in the rain !
At the end of the lane
A bright rainbow appears:
The song shining on tears.
Singing so cheerily !
Singing so merrily !
Sing in the rain !

Let us sing in the rain !
The strong anthem of pain
Loosens gems from on high,
As it cleaveth the sky.
Singing so cheerily !
Singing so merrily !
Sing in the rain !



A VISION.

O lustrous eyes! O face of olive hue!
Thou tender flower of wondrous beauty!
Thy parted lips, disclosing snowy pearls,
Steel my brain to thought, my hands to duty.
Could poet write while reading in thy face
Engraven lines from God's own poem-book?
Or artist paint, while in thy dreamy eyes
He sees the secret color of a look?

Sly dimples rippling o'er thy smiling cheeks,
Soft, dusky hair waved back in raven folds,
A rounded chin, curved with bewitching mirth,
Two tiny ears like waxen sea-shell moulds.
Thou lovely being, so divinely fair,
Glimpse of the perfect where the ransomed dwell,
Entranced I gaze upon thy sylvan grace,
Bound with the fetters of a nameless spell.

O Thou who didst create the human frame,
And call to life and breath such mortal clay,
If this is but a vision, how sublime
Must be the creature of an endless day!
Thy mighty power far surpasses thought,
Man cannot grasp it with his feeble mind;
We catch but glimpses as we journey on,
The light and shadow closely intertwined.

Thou hast implanted, deep within the heart,
Intense desires for something high and grand;
A proof that what we see is but the bud
Which in a milder clime will wide expand.
Thou sendest discipline, a cunning tool,
To deftly carve away our carnal dross:
From out this frame of weakness shall arise
Perfection, like the glory from the cross.

GOD KEEP THEE.

Out into the world with its busy cares,
I send you forth with a morning kiss ;
Though dangers fly like the birds of the air,
I rest content in such peace as this :
“ No evil shall befall thee.”

For I know that He sendeth only good,
And that His great love surpasseth mine ;
So I seal your forehead and cheeks and lips,
And round your neck clasp a chain divine :
“ Lo, I am with you alway.”

You turn through the trees and are lost to sight ;
I toss you a kiss and say, “ Godspeed ; ”
Oh, these clinging arms would detain you, dear !
But labor is part of human need :
“ Sow thy seed in the morning.”

God bless you, my darling, from morn till night ;
God lead you aright through all the day ;
And at last may the evening time of life
Be aglow with heaven's resplendent ray :
“ His beloved He giveth sleep.”



THE WEEK ENDETH.

“AND THEY WENT AND TOLD JESUS.”

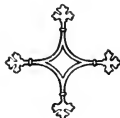
Rabboni, Master, at Thy feet I kneel;
Great need of Thee my struggling soul doth feel.
Weary I draw unto Thy riven side,
Within Thine arms I would securely hide.
Take me, O Lord, while unto Thee I tell
The path I sought, and all that there befell.
Master, I sat beneath a shady tree
And spoke a word, as I had chance, for Thee.
I was too weak to stand the glare of sun,
And at the best, but little have I done;
But I have loved Thee much, my blessed Lord,
Oh wilt Thou not my love for Thee record?
I held a cup of water to a child,
And was refreshed when she looked up and smiled;
I sang a song to cheer a lonely heart,
Helped to bear crosses, though my tears would start
At sight of human grief which, I well knew,
Had also pierced my being through and through.
O Lord, count not by great or mighty deeds,
For all my service must consist of seeds!





AN EVENING PRAYER.

O God, my Father, full of tender love !
O Lord of earth, Monarch, up above !
In holy reverence I bend the knee ;
Incline Thine ear—be gracious unto me.
I lay the day low at Thy blessed feet ;
For Thine acceptance, Lord, oh make it meet !
This, well I know, can only come by grace ;
In Thine own name I kneel before Thy face.
All that I have, or am, or hope to be ;
All that I wish for, Lord, I bring to Thee.
In fullest trust I step into the night ;
Where'er it please Thee, Lord, oh give me light !



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